

Conversations on a Broom

by Aurette

A conversation between colleagues while riding on a broom.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A little bit of fluff written for a friend having a bad day. Beta by astopperindeath.

The two Aurors raced up the stairs of the old Muggle warehouse as silently as possible. That meant that one made no noise at all, and the other was thudding along and huffing as if it was difficult to breathe. Breathing couldn't have been too hard, or she wouldn't have been stifling laughter. The one in the lead opened the door to the roof and scanned the area, wand at the ready. He may have been limited to the Investigative Research Department these last years, but instincts far older than his career with the Aurors came back with ease. Signaling to his partner, he made his way across the roof to the edge and pulled his shrunken broom out of his pocket. His partner followed behind slower, a hand pressed to her chest, and the other fumbling with her robes.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am to be done with that lunacy," he snarled. "I think that might have ranked amongst the most disturbing things I have ever had the misfortune to witness."

His partner let out an hysterical giggle that turned into a rich, musical laugh and ended with *andw*.

"Oh, come now, Snape. Surely you have seen worse things in your time?"

"Not of that nature, I assure you." He narrowed his eyes at her, watching as she rifled through her robe pockets, never taking her hand away from her chest.

"What's wrong, Granger?" He used his Commanding Voice, the one he'd used for years as a teacher that always got results. He smirked as her head came up, and she answered instinctively. He always took a small pleasure from the fact that he still had that power over his former students.

"I think I lost my broom when I tackled Puss-in-Boots back there," she answered. Pointing her wand toward the door they had come out, she yelled: *Accio...* "That's as far as she got before Snape's hand slapped her arm down.

"Dunderhead! We just Obliviated nineteen Muggles, and you want to call a cheap, standard-issue broom to go zipping up three flights of stairs?" He gestured to where she was still clutching her nicely rounded left breast. "I meant what is wrong with your... *anatomy*."

"I took a stiletto to the chest; who knew Draco could run that fast in heels? I'll be alright, just winded and bruised." She pulled her collar out and peeked down at her cleavage. "That will probably look like hell tomorrow."

"Who's going to see it besides your mangy cat? I'll give you a Bruise Paste when we get back to the Ministry." He moved to straddle his broom and was surprised to see Granger making her way back the way they came. "Where in the seven hells are you going?"

"After my broom, of course. You told me not to use magic; how these *seven hells* am I supposed to do that without going and getting it?"

"Leave it! The Ministry can come back for it if they want to save their expenses. Now stop being a complete ninny and climb on. I'll fly us both; it will be quicker anyway at the rate you fly, and I want to get home and Obliviate myself after this night."

Snape grumbled as usual about how he shouldn't have bothered surviving if he was going to be condemned to this miserable existence, and Granger, also as usual, completely ignored his words as she scrambled rather ungracefully onto the broom in front of him.

"Don't just dangle your legs, you silly woman, hook them behind mine. Steady." He kicked off, and they rose into the air, and after turning towards their destination, he looked down to watch Granger struggle with the choice of her usual two-handed death grip on the broom handle or a one-handed white-knuckled one so she could continue to hold her breast. He favored the later. From his vantage point her breast was pushed up and created a nice curve at the neckline that he found fascinating, not that he would ever admit it.

"You should have just hexed his bollocks off. I don't know why you had to go all Muggle and throw yourself at him."

"He was making a run for it, and we were told not to harm him. I really thought I had the advantage in shoe wear. I still don't know how he could be so agile in those things. I think it's rather unfair myself; I can barely make it across a room in them without at least three attempts to throw myself to the floor. And then there was that leather getup. I really thought his leg movement should have been much more restricted. I'm thinking he used charms. I might have to ask him which one after he recovers from whatever Daddy Dearest does to him for almost humiliating an august member of the Wizengamot."

"Stop, Granger. I don't want these images in my head anymore than they already are. Why we consented to try and cover up this mess, I will never know, and I can assure you Lucius will hear of it in the morning."

"Really, Snape, who else was he going to ask that would be able to keep their mouths shut?"

"If that was the criteria, why did he ask you, for Merlin's sake?"

"He asked me because he knows that Rita Skeeter owes me, and I could make her keep her silence on the subject. He asked you because you are one of his few friends, and as Aurors, we had the needed authority. Perfectly logical. I don't know why you are grumbling so much; I haven't had this much fun in years!"

"Fun? This was your idea of fun? Gods, Granger! It was an entire room full of the most indecent Muggles ever spawned, paid to humiliate him in the most shocking manner I have ever seen. We had to sneak in and incapacitate an entire room. You got hurt trying to bring that poncy little shit down and lost Ministry equipment in the process, and then after packing the little bugged bastard off to his father with a Portkey, we had to Obliviate nineteen people. *Nineteen!* And all this was your idea of a fun way to spend a Friday night?"

"Well, I admit that I could do without anymore trips to rescue Malfoy the Considerably Lesser from his need to work out his guilt issues. But you have to admit that we worked well together and that it was at least a little exciting!"

"Granger, we have worked well together these last four years. I don't see where it needs to include so much leather and...ugh, gods...whip handles in places they simply should... not... be."

"Honestly, Snape. One would have thought that being a Death Eater would have cured you of your prudishness."

"Why the hell would you think that?"

"Well... you know... the revels."

"Oh, not you too. Really, Granger, why does everyone think that Death Eaters were all about rum, sodomy and the lash? They were a terrorist operation bent on world domination. Where does buggery come in as part of the natural *modus operandi*?"

"Snape! You said sodomy! I don't know whether to be shocked or titillated," she laughed. "I didn't know you were a fan of Muggle punk rock. Wasn't that a Sex Pistol's album? Or were you quoting Churchill?"

"Good gods, no. It was The Pogues. Don't be daft. The Sex Pistols were absolute shite, and besides, there were ten years between their albums."

"Oh, my stars, Snape! You really were into punk!" Granger laughed so hard she had to wipe her eyes on her sleeve.

"And just why is that so shocking? You knew I was half Muggle. I wasn't *born* in my forties, you know." Suddenly stung, he snapped at her. "Stop laughing before you fall off the broom." As he expected Granger suddenly grabbed the broom with both hands and tensed up. He regretted his action right away. Her laughter had been delightful; he just didn't like the way she always managed to make him feel old.

He had been working for the Ministry since his 'miraculous' recovery by means of his careful planning...really, did they not remember he had been a Potions master? It had been three years of headaches and indigestion as he was mentally battered by the vacuous minds of the people around him before Granger showed up. At first, he assumed she would torture him with a constant regurgitation of the book knowledge she had accrued abroad. Or worse, natter on about proper lab procedure and Ministerial paperwork protocols. But to his hidden delight, the Granger that worked in the lab next to his was a brilliant, poised and intuitive woman, and it took little time at all before he found himself making excuses to enter her lab and ask her for her impressions on a point of research that he completely didn't need.

This last year of working together, he found himself thinking about her more than was appropriate for a coworker twenty years his junior and had been struggling with his feelings of romantic interest. He was pathetic. Pathetic enough to have plucked her broom out of her pocket in a moment of madness and tossed it in the rubbish bin by the door as they headed for the exit to the roof. And now, he was riding along with her arse wedged between his thighs and the curve of her right breast pressed into his arm. Pathetic bliss.

"Titillated?" he asked in her ear, pitching his voice for Maximum Effect. Oh, yes, her words hadn't escaped him; in fact, they had rather captivated him.

His brain seized as he felt her shudder in his arms, or well, almost in his arms. Really, they were just sharing a broom, but it was almost like having her in his arms willingly. *She got on the broom willingly, didn't she? Did I do that? Maybe she just caught a chill. No, it's summer, you fool, there is no chill. I did do that. Yeah!* His smirk dropped as he realized how stupid he sounded in his head.

She laughed, and he couldn't stop his lips from twitching back up at the sound.

"Well, you have to admit, hearing you say naughty words is out of our usual parameters. And sodomy, for heaven's sake! Such an intimate word, don't you think? I mean, usually one goes with buggery when they need to. Sodomy makes one think of either a legalism or a hopelessly depraved decadence; don't you agree?"

"What would you know of hopelessly depraved decadence, Granger?"

"Well, apparently more than a hopelessly prudish Death Eater. I had my misspent youth, Snape. I assure you."

"I am not a prude! Just because the type of debauchery found in that room exceeded my acceptable limits does not make me a prude. Debauchery has its place; I just prefer a different flavor, is all." Libido defended and curiosity piqued, he leaned in and purred another question into her ear.

"How misspent could it have been? You're still just a chit of a girl."

"Alas, Snape, I am no longer a mere girl, a fact I have all but given up on you noticing. However, as salacious as your curiosity is, I will keep my secrets for now. But I will let you know that it did, indeed, include..." and here she leaned up and back until she was in his arms and, in the sexiest voice he could ever remember hearing, purred, "...sodomy."

Of course, the effect on him was electrifying, and his body reacted in a predictable manner. Any embarrassment he might have felt at her proximity to said reaction was mitigated by the fact that she had obviously intended said effect.

He struggled to make his voice sound smooth.

"I had no idea you were such a tart, Granger. So is that how you like it?"

She laughed her wonderful laugh and replied, "No, actually. I found the idea of it much nicer than the reality. I found what pleasure there was in the act was drowned out by how uncomfortable it was. Maybe it's because I am missing a prostate gland, who knows?"

He adored her. He absolutely adored the way she could talk about such things in the same manner as discussing what acidity level would be needed to keep her next batch of experimental potion from melting the cauldron.

Overwhelmed by his own feelings, and realizing there was a point of no return approaching as fast as the park across the street from the Ministry, he mentally backed away.

"Well, perhaps in the interest of professionalism, it would be best to refrain from discussing such things while we are in these rather suggestive positions." Okay, maybe he didn't back that far away. One needs hope to live, doesn't one?

He landed in the park, disturbing a couple of ducks who didn't seem to realize they should be asleep. He swiftly dismounted and held her elbow steady as she did the same.

They just stood, staring across at the Ministry. Neither one made any move, and it soon became obvious neither one wanted the evening to end.

"And now for all the damned paperwork." Snape muttered, finally too awkward with whatever was going on to remain silent.

"Well, we could make it more interesting," Granger responded.

Snape turned and tilted his head at her in inquiry. The two ducks waddled a little closer as if they were interested as well.

"We could write our reports together?" She looked so adorable with that hopeful look in her eyes and her lip caught between her teeth.

The ducks turned towards Snape.

Now or never, old man. He cleared his throat.

"Or we could write our reports over drinks at my place... Hermione."

She beamed at him and reached out to take his arm with both of her pretty hands.

"I would like that, Severus."

He quirked an eyebrow at hearing his name spoken by her for the first time and bestowed upon her the gentlest of smiles.

"You go get the forms," he told her as they walked out of the park. "I will pop down to my lab and get you that Bruise Paste."

"Oh, that will be lovely. But I warn you, I intend for you to make applying it a decadent and *lebauched* experience."

"Well, I think sodomy is off the table, but I could be persuaded into rum and perhaps even a bit of a lash."

They walked off into the night together, leaving two ducks staring after them with duckish amusement.

Many thanks go to Clairvoyant for her added expertise.